

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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"TIDES OF THE SPIRIT"

It was Sir Isaac Newton who first made an exhaustive study of the tides of the ocean, and Dr. James Martineau was the first to coin the phrase "Tides of the Spirit."

Our every-day speech is replete with analogies suggested by the tides of the ocean. "Drifting with the tide." "Rowing against the tide." "Time and tide wait for no man." Mrs. Partington with her mop on the sea beach is often used to illustrate the futility of attempting to stop human progress. Shakespeare has it that,— "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Thomas Jefferson once said that,— "The Government is now in the full tide of successful experiment." How often we speak of tiding over hardship, disappointment, sorrow and loss. It is true that,— "There is a wonderful efficacy in enforced work to tide over every sort of trial." How sublime Tennyson's use of the term in "Crossing the Bar!"

"And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

How strong the analogy between the tides of the ocean and the "Tides of the Spirit!" There is a low tide, a high tide and a flood tide in our thoughts, emotions, desires, purposes, ideals and faith. There are times in all our lives when our thoughts are far from uplifting, our purposes far from inspiring, our desires far from ennobling and our

experiences far from re-assuring.

Times when the events and circumstances of life call for the exercise of all the powers we possess, and just when those powers should be our mainstay, our rod and staff, they appear to be inactive and dormant; the light of faith burns low and our ideals and aspirations seem to be off-duty and suggest little that is life-giving and sublime.

At such a time life is at low tide and in its most trying moments before the turning and lifting power begins. Dr. Martineau well describes such times as "The weary flats of life. In every earnest life (he said) there are weary flats of life to tread, with the heavens out of sight,—no sun, no moon, no tint of light upon the path below; when the only guidance is the faith of brighter hours, and the secret Hand we are too numb and dark to feel."

Nor did Dr. Martineau stop here but went on to say that,— "To the meek and faithful it is not always so. Now and then something touches the dull dream of sense and custom, and the desolation vanishes away; the spirit leaves its witness with us; the divine realities come back from the past and straightway enter the present; the ear into which we poured our prayer is not deaf; the infinite eye to which we turned is not blind, but looks in with answering mercy upon us."

Let us ask for some further explanations of these "Tides of the Spirit." We should want to know if these many fluctuations, this rising and falling, this increasing and decreasing of the intensity of our thoughts, emotions, desires, aspirations and faith; we should want to know if they are not signs of weakness rather than of strength, signs of instability and unreality, signs of illusions and delusions rather than signs of deep and abiding truths; something to be

avoided and not to be depended upon in the building of character and the enlarging of personality?

We are not so to regard them, for they are an indispensable part of the divine economy of human existence and make possible what Christ meant by placing so much emphasis upon the more abundant life of the Spirit.

In moments of depression, on the "Weary flats of life," when life is at low ebb God bids us wait for the turning and lifting power of the incoming waters. In moments of exaltation, of confidence and joy, when life is at full tide, he bids us beware of self-pride, self-sufficiency, selfishness, snobbery and cynicism. God does not want our lives to be ruined by depression or blighted by exaltation. He wants us to find in all the events and experiences of life a challenge to our thought and heroism and faith.

Let us remember that in the tides of the ocean God's will is at work as that will is expressed and embodied in the wonderful laws of gravitation; a power that moves the mighty waters back and forth and up and down, swings the earth in its orbit and upholds and guides the stars in their courses.

Let us think and believe that in the "Tides of the Spirit" God's will is at work, as that will is expressed and embodied in the eternal laws of truth, justice, righteousness and love.

Only a word in conclusion, found in the story of some sailors who were seen working to get their ship free from the rocks of a New England shore. The tide was nearly full. There was a lift in the tide and they made a strong effort to move the ship, but to no avail. Another lift came and they made a supreme effort, still to no avail.

Thinking the ship was doomed they went to their homes. Two hours later the ship floated of itself. It is a curious fact that there are three lifts of the tide before it reaches its highest level; a first lift and a pause, a second lift and another pause and then the third lift. Had the sailors known this they would not have abandoned the ship when they did.

In the solving of our problems, enduring of hardships, facing unexpected and untried experiences and in the building of character and enlarging personality there are three lifts in the "Tides of the Spirit" the same as there are three lifts in the tides of the ocean.

In the "Tides of the Spirit" God tempers his ways to man's ways, his thought to their

thought and his power to their power. When we exercise our thought there is the lift of divine thought in our lives. When we exercise our will there is the lift of the divine will in our lives. And when our love for God and man takes full possession of our motives and desires and conduct there is the lift of Divine love in our lives.

—REV. FREDERIC W. SMITH.

THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

This is my Father's world, and to my listening ears

All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.

This is my Father's world, I rest me in the thought

Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas—
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world, the birds their carols raise,

The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.

This is my Father's world, He shines in all that's fair;

In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world, O let me ne'er forget

That though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the Ruler yet.

This is my Father's world, why should my heart be sad?

The Lord is King—let the heavens ring:
God reigns: let the earth be glad.

—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

AIRPLANES TRANSFORM UNPLEASANT WORK

What changes in the methods of doing many tiresome and commonplace things the airplane has brought about; often changing a dull, dirty, humdrum task into one just the opposite, and permeated with the spice of clean adventure! It is small wonder that the airplane appeals to youth!

One such change is the new way of sowing rice. By the old methods used, sowing by broadcast seeder or by drill, the job was anything but pleasant. Indeed, it was hard, unpleasant work, for often the rice had to be sown on ground that was still wet and miry, and running planting machines in mud and water was a task not appealing to anyone, especially boys. If the day was warm,

as was often the case at seeding time, the steam and odor that arose from the mucky ground added to the unpleasantness of the labor.

But what a change since the airplane has been used to sow this grain in California! Now there is no waiting for wet ground to dry enough for teams and machines to get on it, for the sowing is often done while it is covered with water, and then much earlier. The sower, instead of floundering around in mud and hot mist, is up a couple of hundred feet in cool, sweet air, sailing easily and comfortably back and forth in an airplane, with little to do but run his plane and regulate the sowing hopper at intervals. And, moreover, a task that took days of hard work to finish before is now done in a few hours by plane. And the sowing is done as evenly and as effectively as by the old method and is not any more costly.

Among other advantages gained by plane sowing is that of the likelihood of getting a better stand, for when the seed is sown in the water, blackbirds and other birds cannot eat a lot of it before it comes up. So, you see, this new method of sowing rice is not only much more pleasant but is also more profitable in the end.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE MAIL PLANE

A sudden roar, a twinkling flash;
An upward turning of the head,
And it has vanished, quickly sped.
I saw it as it glistened there
A moment, sun kissed in the air;
And when I knew that it was gone
I realized 'twas winging on
Where other watchers, e'en as I,
Would turn their faces toward the sky
To see the man-made bird flash by
And thrill to think that mail can fly.

—*Edmund S. Delancy.*

KITCHEN HARMONIES

There is more music in the kitchen than in any other room in the house. Here the busy housewife listens daily to an endless repertoire of common but lovely sounds.

There is music lurking in the bottom of every bowl, in the rim of every plate, in each knife blade, and in the prongs of the forks.

In the early morning the sizzling of bacon begins, followed by the crack of breaking egg shells, the "snorp" of crisp, golden toast

being spread. These sounds are all conducive to haste, and swell in volume until the climax is reached.

Then come the quiet tones, the take-your-time tones, the gush of turned-on water, the subdued clatter of china, the occasional metallic ring of pot lids, the cling-clang of cutlery being dried, and the slow swish of the sweeping broom.

One sound follows another in sweetest harmony. The art of cooking is very generous in its clear-sounding tones. The soft buzz of the eggbeater, the "flop" of the pastry on the board, the muffled tap-tap of the wooden spoon in the mixing bowl, the "thud" of the meat pounder, the rhythmic chop-chop of the parsley cutter, the gentle burr of the nutmeg grater are but a few of them.

But perhaps the most loved sound of all is that of a table being set. It is the loveliest of all and conveys a peace and harmony unsurpassed by the others.

When evening comes, like a great musical composition nearing its end, the kitchen tones grow less and less distinct until only the steady tick-tock of the clock, the contented purr of tabby, and the singing of the kettle on the hob are to be heard.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

SOME ODDITIES

Here are some geographical oddities compiled by the National Geographic Society:

The city of Reno, Nevada, is 100 miles farther west than Los Angeles.

Jacksonville, Florida, is farther west than Cleveland, Ohio.

One travels south from Detroit to reach the nearest part of Canada.

At Panama the sun rises in the Pacific and sets in the Atlantic—due to a gigantic bend in the isthmus.

The city of New York lies west of the Pacific—at least that part of the Pacific that touches Africa, in Chile.—*Atlanta Chamber of Commerce periodical.*

"Did you sell your vote?" inquired one man of another as they were standing in front of the polling place on election day.

"No, siree! I voted for that feller 'cause I liked him."

"Ah, gwan!" said the other. "I heard he gave you ten dollars."

"Well, when a man gives you ten dollars, 'tain't no mor'n natural to like him, is it?"

—*The Christian Advocate.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

OFFERS

For the following books, apply to Mrs. F. C. Brush, Chairman, 29 High Street, Montclair, N. J.

The Butter Industry—Hungiker.
Harris on Pig Breeding.
The New Bee Keeper—King.
The Science of Purchasing—Helen Hysell.
The Knack of Selling (In 6 pamphlets).
A Banker's Business Hints—A. E. Rice.
Town and City (Hygiene Series)—Jewett.
How Nature Cures—Densmore.
Our Digestion—Lewis.
The Relation of Healing to Law—Womer.
The Will to be Well—Patterson.
Rhythmic Breathing—Noble.
Studies of Childhood—Sully.
Woman Suffrage—History and Results—Harper.
Pen Portraits of Illustrious Abstainers—Bungay.
Dream Life.
As a Man Thinketh—Jas. Allen.
The Secret of Success—W. H. D. Adams.

Playing the Game (Saving Money)—Flint.

Book of Etiquette (2 vols.)—Lillian Eichler.

The Silence of Dean Maitland (paper)—Gray.

The Pathfinder—J. Fenimore Cooper.

The Last of the Mohicans—J. Fenimore Cooper.

Poe's Tales.

Franklin's Autobiography.

Cyrus and Alexander—Abbott.

A Christmas Carol—Dickens.

The Lady of the Lake (2 copies, 1 in paper)—Scott.

Robert Joy's Victory—S. S. Series.

The Forest Fairy—Hugessen.

Old Testament Narratives—Baldwin.

Promises of the Eternal.

Precious Spoil—Thoughts for Every Day of Month.

Treasure Thoughts for Sunday.

Gems from Shakespeare—Tragedy.

Great Thoughts from Tennyson.

Our Good Old World.

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

Principles of Vocal Expression—Cham-
berlain and Clark.

Correct Writing and Speaking—Jordan.
Essentials of English (Second Book)—
Pearson and Kirchwey.

Chautauqua Course: Our English—Hill.
Spelling Book—Grades 1-8—Horn-Ash-
baugh.

New World Speller—2nd Book—Grades
4, 5, 6.

Breed—French Speller—Book Three.
A New Spelling Book—Grades 3-8 (2
copies).

The Common-Word Spellers—Jr. H. S.
Strayer-Upton Arithmetic—Bk. Four.
The Stone-Millis Arithmetic (Advanced).

Manual of Biology—Sharpe.
How to Play Basketball.
Milton—Stopford A. Brooke.

Un Homme Pussé (in French)—Labéche.
Translation of Horace.
Sketch Book—Irving.

Idylls of the King—Tennyson (3 copies
complete, 1 small Vol. II).
Longer English Poems—Hales.

The Little Book of Our Country—Tappan.
A Compact History of England—McCal-
man.

A Complete Manual of English Litera-
ture—Shaw, Smith and Tuckerman.

The Eastern Nations and Greece—Myers.
History of Western Europe—Robinson.
Young Folks History of England—Yonge.

Essentials of American History—Lawler.
Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.
Poems of George Eliot.

Holly Berries from Dickens.
Emeralds from Moore.
Loose Leaf Poems.

Flags of America.
Fifty Missionary Programmes—Brain.
The Kingdom of India—Chamberlain.

Women Workers of the Orient—Margaret
Burton.

Palestine—Mayor Conder, Explorer.
Sketches of Jewish Social Life in the
Days of Christ—Edersheim.

South America, the Neglected Continent—
Millard.

Old Oceans Ferry—Hoyt.
Pictures of Los Angeles Today.
The Church Hymn Book.

Hymns of Worship and Service.
Home Worship and the Use of the Bible
(Illustrated).

Fundamentals of Faith—Williams.
Desert, Pinnacle and Mountain—Pack.
The Christ Ideal—Dresser.
Sermon in the Hospital—King.

Studies in the Life of Christ—Bosworth.
The Secret of Christ—Benson.

From Calvary to Pentecost—Meyer.
The Christ Child, and the Three Ages of
Man—Carpenter.

Helps to Study of Romans (Parts I and
II).

The Holy Family—Bradford.
Addresses—Drummond.
All His Benefits—Ostrom.

Through the Gates of Gold—Collins.
Twilight Thoughts—Claude.
Let Us Draw Nigh—Murray.

The Empty Crib—Cuyler.
The Angel and the Star—Ralph Connor.
Friendship and Love—Emerson.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. W. B. Thompson, Unionville,
Va., would like some silk scraps and bits of
lace. Her daughter could use some yarn and
both would enjoy good reading.

2. It has been quite a spell since I have
had a visit from you all and I have almost
concluded that I am forgotten. I hope you
will remember this mother shut-in again as
cheer does really mean much to those who
cannot enjoy the beauty of the outdoors.
Also my two little girls, ages 8 and 3, would
gladly appreciate story books, cards, etc. I
enjoy embroidery, plain sewing and reading
and any of these will help to bring sun-
shine to our lonely corner. Mrs. Lola Eller,
Grant, Va.

3. Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Farmer, R. 1, B.
50, Rugby, Va., would appreciate story
magazines, books or any kind of cheer. Mr.
Farmer has just undergone a very serious
operation.

4. Miss Ethel Hall, B. 28, Elamsville,
Va., will be twelve years old on April 7.
She hopes to be remembered. Her mother
is dead and she gets very lonely. Her little
brother, aged 7, wishes someone would send
him an "erector set."

5. Mrs. John Howell, Silas Creek, N. C.,
sends her thanks through the columns of the
CHEERFUL LETTER for all past favors. She
hasn't been very well the past winter and
hopes for some good reading matter and
quilt scraps. Her three daughters are fond
of reading and would like the *True Story*
magazine, which they would pass on to
others.

6. Mrs. Ellen Washington, R. 1, B. 17,
Endicott, Va., says it has been a long time
since she has written the Exchange and
hopes she has not been dropped. She would

appreciate anything for cheer or pastime. In the winter she doesn't get out very much and would enjoy reading and quilt piecing or any kind of embroidery work.

7. Mrs. Lary Barnhouse, Dabney, Ark., writes that they are a lonely family living on rented land. She is twenty-two years old and the mother of two baby boys, under three years. There is no Sunday School and their only outside activity is what comes in the mail. She looks forward to some light reading, and picture cards for the babies.

8. I want to thank everyone who sent things of cheer to my little boy. He enjoyed them a lot. He is better now and we hope to see him entirely better very soon. I would love to get "Child Life" and some flour sacks for quilt linings. My children's ages are a boy 10 and girl, 8. Thanks, too, to the one who sends the CHEERFUL LETTER magazine. Mrs. J. O. Brooks, Bray, Okla.

9. Mrs. Rebecca V. Akin, Leo, Tex., would like some magazines and quilt pieces. It has been a long time since she has heard from any of the CHEERFUL LETTER friends.

10. I feel that I have almost been forgotten as it has been such a long time since I have heard from you. I had a nervous breakdown and the doctor is treating me now, so I hardly know what to be at. I would be thankful if the good friends would send me some quilt scraps and some embroidery material as I am anxious that my little girl should learn how to embroider. My little boy is a lover of toys and I hope you don't forget him. Mrs. A. M. Thacker, Pendletons, Va.

11. Mrs. Dora Dolinger, Green Cove, Va., is the mother of six children, Dorothy, 13, Ina 11, Earnest 9, Virginia 7, Lucy 5, and a baby boy. The four oldest go to school and would be glad to receive books and her mother who stays with her and not very well would appreciate some quilt scraps. Their life is very gloomy and full of hard work and they are hopeful that cheer will be sent.

12. I shall attempt to tell you about my family. I am a poor hard-working country woman whose husband is not able to get much work, and the mother of two boys, ages 12 and 8. I would be very grateful if someone would send me some patchwork scraps of percale or gingham for it is pretty hard making a quilt when you haven't many pieces. My boys would like to get some books, for during the bad weather they are shut in and cannot go to school. I hope that you dear good people will think of us and send a little entertainment. Mrs. G. A.

Bonner, R. F. D. 2, Big Spring, Tenn.

13. Mrs. Mary Graybeal, Brandon, N. C., thanks everyone who has sent her cheer in any way and hopes she has not been entirely forgotten this year. She likes to crochet very much and looks forward to receiving some crochet patterns and thread.

14. Mrs. A. A. Davis, Granbury, Tex., writes, "Please send me reading matter for a family of seven, ages ranging from 8 to 23; also some quilt pieces of any kind."

15. I will write you a few words because I got a card from the CHEERFUL LETTER Exchange and it made me very happy. I am thankful to hear from anyone, as we lead such a sad and lonely life. We live way off in the country and it would be wonderful if the dear CHEERFUL LETTER friends would send me some reading. I have four little children, the oldest just 9 years old and the baby, 1 year old. Times are so hard for so many of us but we trust in God and things must come right pretty soon. Please don't forget the children. Mrs. J. P. Cobler, Spencer, Va.

16. Mrs. Effie Ball, Powderly, Ky., lives far from any folks and gets very lonesome. Won't someone please send her some quilt pieces and some books for her eleven year old boy? She is grateful for the CHEERFUL LETTER magazine.

17. Mrs. H. M. Pack, Dabney, Ark., has been a member for five years, but she hasn't heard from the CHEERFUL LETTER Exchange for quite some time. She and her husband have been quite ill and the drought has left them in a bad way. She would be thankful for some quilt scraps, thread and reading matter and her girl, aged 20, wishes she could have some embroidery thread.

18. Mrs. J. H. Eanes, R. 4, Bassetts, Va., sends a request for reading for her girl, aged 14, and her boy, aged 16. She could use more quilt scraps.

19. Last winter I received some packages and I tried to thank everyone and if I missed any, I want to thank them now. Mother passed to her reward a year ago February. I certainly enjoy the CHEERFUL LETTER paper and I have made a pen friend through the paper which is a great pleasure to me. I think your work is a wonderful thing and I know that all the lonely shut-ins are thankful and surely God will help and bless such a great and good organization. In closing, I wish that some friends would send some good reading and pieces for rugs. Mrs. Lula Oglevie, Rocky Hill, Ark.

20. Mrs. Charles Curry, R. 2, B. 41,

Leaksville, N. C., is writing to let her friends know she has moved in the country where it is very lonely. She says her CHEERFUL LETTER friends have been a great comfort to her. Perhaps someone will send her some reading matter.

21. Will you please print a few lines for me in your dear little paper? I want to thank all who sent Christmas cheer and the one who sends the paper. I hope you will not forget me in my sadness as God called my darling Ruby home to heaven, December 20. She was five years old and Oh, so sweet. I would appreciate any kind of cheer, sewing material, and please don't forget the children. Mrs. Emma Plowman, R. 2, Polkton, N. C.

22. Mrs. H. B. Craig, R. F. D. 2, Bassetts, Va., writes a very nice letter asking for cheer. She and her husband live in a lonely neighborhood and would be so glad of some books of any kind. She enjoys sewing, too.

23. What a lonely and gloomy life ours would have been if the CHEERFUL LETTER friends had not come into our lives. Now a long winter is upon us and we hope some of the folks will send us some reading and sewing material. We don't have the means to buy these items as we have made scarcely anything on our crops for the past two years. I have seven children, ages ranging from 13 down. Mrs. Bessie Barnes, Cope-land, Ark.

24. How kind you have been to us in the past when times have been so hard. We hope you will remember us again with something to help pass the time along. My leg has bothered me a lot so I cannot get around much and if I had some sewing it would help me from worrying. My girl, aged 13, does the work and she loves to read. I also have another girl, 10, and two boys, ages 3 and 8. Mrs. Willie Cooper, Higginson, Ark.

25. Mrs. Pearl Wilson, R. 4, B. 10, Decatur, Tenn., and her children love to read. Recently their home was burned and they are very anxious to get some reading matter.

26. My husband and I are along in years and we do not have any relatives. We get so lonely and the only means of enjoyment is reading. We do enjoy that and we hope someone will remember us. I cannot do a great deal, but can sit about and do a little sewing. Mrs. G. W. Harrison, Shawsville, Va.

27. Mrs. Ella Halstead, 818 E. 7th St.,

Ontario, Calif., says that it is years since she has asked the CHEERFUL LETTER readers for a favor. She does not get out any owing to a bad seige of rheumatism, so she passes the time piecing quilts. She would be very thankful for scraps of worsteds and velvets.

28. I have changed my address from Bassetts, Va., to the one below and would be glad to receive cheer from any of the friends. I have had a lot of sickness and sorrow in my family, losing my husband and one child. I now have nine children to care for and my mother who lives with us. I am thankful that the Lord has spared me to be with my children a little longer. Our family would be glad of quilt pieces, good reading, cards or just anything to make our days a little more cheerful. Mrs. R. L. Cox, R. 1, B. 30, Stuart, Va.

29. Mrs. R. E. Howell, Jefferson, N. C., has six children, four girls, aged 16, 13, 10 and 17 months, and two boys, ages 7 and 4. They hope they will not be forgotten at Easter time with sewing material, flower seeds, reading and picture cards. Past favors have been more than appreciated.

30. Mrs. Pearl Conick, B. 61, Ansonville, N. C., writes a few grateful words and says she has started a spread of crepe and quilt scraps. She appears to be a little discouraged as she guesses she never will get enough scraps to complete it. We are printing this note in the hope that several CHEERFUL LETTER friends will come to her aid and send Mrs. Conick some material. She has started a little library, allowing her lonely friends to borrow the books, so perhaps some books could be sent that would be a little more up-to-date.

31. Many thanks do I owe the CHEERFUL LETTER members for the reading and sewing material they have shared with me. A great deal of pleasure has been derived of this cheer. I still would appreciate a good book and also would my daughter, aged 14, and my boy, who is 7. Your cheer has been no end of help to us and we send thanks through these pages. Mrs. H. C. Phillips, 339 Oak St., Covington, Va.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Mary Corn, from Nettle Ridge, to Critz, Va.

Mrs. L. E. Lassiter, from Potecasi, to Conway, N. C.

Mrs. Charles Curry, from Spray, to R. 2, B. 41, Leaksville, N. C.

Mrs. S. B. Hammer, from Pedlar Mills, to R. 2, B. 218, Lynchburg, Va.

Mrs. Forrest Martin, from Waxahachie, to R. 4, Wills Point, Tex.

Mrs. Beatrice Hart, from Hemphill, to Marytown, W. Va.

Mrs. Mary Hill, from Dabney, to R. 3, B. 279, Parkdale, Ark.

Mrs. J. A. Drumbheller, from 802 Withers St., to 201 F St., Lynchburg, Va.

Mrs. Emma Plowman, from Mt. Croghan, S. C., to R. 2, Polkton, N. C.

Mrs. Francis Vess, from Decatur, to R. 1, Rhome, Tex.

Mrs. Annie Swain, R. 1, B. 28, Floyd, N. Mex.

MARRIAGES

Miss Ruth Furches is now Mrs. Ruth Gilley, Green Cove, Va.

Miss Bessie Saunders is now Mrs. Bessie Coppinger, Tellico Plains, Tenn.

IN MEMORIAM

Elizabeth Whitman Sherman Stearns, wife of Frederick A. Stearns of Waltham, passed away at her home on February 28th. She had been a devoted and enthusiastic **CHEERFUL LETTER** worker since the earliest days of the **CHEERFUL LETTER**. From 1899 to 1919 she was Chairman of the Waltham Committee, and since 1919 had supervised the regular correspondence work in Waltham.

TAPESTRY

I know two lives that Love has interwoven
Like gold and purple threads upon life's loom.

Their thoughts and deeds brocade the royal fabric

And haunt it with a sweetness like perfume.

The warp is strong as strength of man's devotion,

The woof is lovely as a woman's soul.

Two children crept into the pattern

To give a meaning to the shining whole.

Love, cunning weaver, from those lives has chosen

To take the youth, the hopes, the joys, the fears

To make his cloth of gold. The lives will perish—

Love's fabric is eternal as the years.

—Eula James in *Sunshine Magazine*.

A VISIT TO THE WINTER QUARTERS OF THE CIRCUS

When the summer is over and billboards no longer carry advertisements of the circus with its thousand features, its hundreds of stars and multitudes of clowns and giants and pygmies and its hosts of trained and menagerie animals, have you ever wondered what suddenly became of all these marvels?

Clearly they must be somewhere. They can't simply vanish like the characters of a moving picture. A procession of elephants cannot be tucked away in a drawer till the time for their next performance. Those clever men and women who perform daring feats on prancing steeds, drive chariots, walk tight ropes and swing from trapezes cannot be set on a shelf like a closed book when the circus folds its great tents in the autumn. Yet how completely the circus and all its marvels seem to have vanished during the winter!

As a child, I wondered much about this sudden disappearance and equally sudden reappearance of the circus, but no one seemed able to tell me where it had vanished to or whence it came.

Years later I found out all about it for myself.

First, I found out about the circus people and later about the animals. A giant and a dainty midget I had seen in a circus the summer before entered an elevator in the hotel where I was living. The giant was so tall that he could not stand up erect and the midget was so small that she came only about to one's knee. They were very pleasant and soon everyone in the hotel became acquainted with them. I learned that they and many other circus people traveled about the country with vaudeville circuits during the winter. Also, that some performers joined shows in Europe, while others rested at their homes to be ready for the long hard ordeal of the regular circus season.

Some of the trained animals also work with vaudeville acts and large spectacular shows while the circus is closed. This keeps them in training, as well as paying their board bill.

As a result of their circus experience the performers and entire personnel acquire a number of excellent qualities. As a rule they are orderly and systematic. The small compartments in the coaches of the circus train assigned to each person are their homes for the season, where a place must be

found for everything and everything kept in its place. Since the big show must move along from start to finish with the precision of a clock, the circus people form the habit of being punctual and regular in whatever they do.

During the long wait between the afternoon and evening performances many of them do not leave the grounds, nor take off their make-up, but they do not waste this time. Some sew and mend and make costumes, some write letters, stories and plays, some paint cards and pictures for sale, or model with clay. Many of them look forward to the time when they will leave the circus so begin preparing for some future occupation, less rigorous.

But the lions and tigers, the tapirs and kangaroos, the giraffes and zebras, the gay wagons and the calliopes, where are they through the long winter, you may be asking.

We visited the winter quarters of the largest circus of them all, Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Combined Circuses, last February at Sarasota on the west coast of Florida, where we asked a host of questions and saw a multitude of interesting things.

On certain days each week visitors are allowed to visit these winter quarters, which are in fact more like a zoo than the menagerie of a circus; for the small cages of the splendid parade wagons are stored away and the animals are provided with spacious and large compounds.

They all are decidedly in vacation mood. The giraffes stroll about in an aimless way like people enjoying the season at a resort. The lions stop lashing their tails and roaring like the fierce wild creatures they are supposed to be, to lap milk, snooze and play like kittens. The camels shamble about, looking more bored than usual, if possible, now that they have nothing to do. While the polar bears sit and look about them at the palms and flowers with no interest at all, as if to say: "If this is what you call winter, we'd like to show you a winter that is a winter—a winter of icebergs and aurora borealis. Tut, tut, tut!"

In contrast to the drowsy cats was a llama, who walked briskly about the compound, up and down, back and forth, with the air of transacting important business of a confidential nature.

They were all there, those animals you are accustomed to see in the circus menagerie—the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, the tapir, the brindle gnu, the apes, the kangaroos, the

curious nyghau from Africa, looking like a bison, a cow and a horse all at once; the Bengal tigers, the bears, and all the rest of them.

Then there were stables and stables and stables filled with circus horses, and others with zebras, and still others with lordly elephants. For all of these, wintering in Florida is not entirely vacation, as they must keep in training for their clever performances in the sawdust ring under the big tent.

At some distance, on the beach, was kept that most extraordinary big chap, the water elephant, who, large as he is, really looks like nothing in particular.

The Ringling Brothers own six other large circuses, which winter in various parts of the country. One goes to California, several to Peru, Ind., and others are divided between training camps.

Spring was at hand. The winter quarters at Sarasota were humming with preparations for the coming season on the road! Long lines of railway coaches stood ready in fresh coats of paint. The parade wagons glistened like new in garish colors. Everything was spic and span. The whole vast machinery of the circus was getting into shape.

In April, when we returned to New York, we found the big circus reassembled and in full swing with a three weeks' engagement at the new Madison Square Garden. This is always the opening engagement of the season for the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Combined Circuses. After five months in winter quarters, here it was—clowns, stars, giants, pygmies, trained animals, menagerie, peanuts, balloons and everything!

And now for the most interesting fact about this performance. Over 30 years ago Mr. James A. Bailey, whose circus is now a part of the big combined show, gave a special morning performance for the children of the various charitable institutions of New York City. This special children's performance was such a success that it has become an annual event.

In order that I might tell you about it, the doorman allowed me to attend the performance last spring. Can you imagine a vast amphitheater packed from the sawdust of the floor to the rafters with 14,000 or 15,000 children? The performance lasted for two and a half hours, from half after 9 till noon, and each number seemed a little better than usual for this very special audi-

ence. Never were the clowns funnier, never were the performers more clever, never were the trained animals more intelligent!

Fifteen thousand children, cheering and applauding! No wonder the circus gave a perfect performance!

At the close, the clowns gathered in the middle ring where they received the children from the Hospital for Crippled Children. Some of the children used crutches and others were carried. It would certainly have made you happy if you could have seen their faces when they shook hands with the jolly, fun-making clowns. Some of them the clowns took tenderly in their arms and waltzed about slowly with them. Can't you just fancy what a red-letter day that was in the lives of those dear little shut-ins?

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

BOOKS

Daisy D. Stephenson

A cozy place in the window seat,
A book and an apple, are hard to beat.
No matter how dark the day may be,
A book is the best of company.

Sometimes you're sick and the hours are long;

The bed seems hard, and the world's all wrong.

You don't want food, and it all seems stale,
But a book is a friend that cannot fail.

So keep them handy, there on the shelf,
And dust and tidy them up yourself;
If skies be gray, or skies be blue,
A book is a friend that's always true.

DO FLYING-FISH FLY?

In other words, are they actually propelled forward by the motion of their "wings"?

Naturalists have been inclined to answer "no." They may seem to fly, we are told; but really they only leap and sail.

The non-scientific observer, however, can not persuade himself that he is not witnessing true flight, and some naturalists agree with him. One of these is quoted in *Nature* (London)

"The habit from which they take their name makes flying-fish so conspicuous and invites observation so much that it is curious to find there is still difference of opinion as to whether they really fly or only use their pectorals as parachutes.

"In the July-August number of *The Scot-*

tish Naturalist, Mr. W. L. Calderwood gives some notes on these fish, as observed in calm weather in the Arabian Sea. His observations were made carefully with prism glasses, and led him to the conclusion that the pace, which was very uniform, was maintained by the use of the pectorals at short intervals.

"Altho it could not be seen at a long distance from the ship whether these fins were vibrating or not, it seemed to him that a flight extending sometimes even to 150 yards, and performed at only about a foot above the surface could not have been kept up except by renewed impulses from the fins.

"This was exactly the impression formed by the writer of this note after repeated naked-eye study of these fish on a first voyage into the same part of the world. They were seen at times to vibrate their fins when clear of the water, as well as when touching it with the tail, as is generally admitted.

"The impression their flights left was that of the starting flutter and patter of the moorhen, continuing as the glide and whirr of the partridge."—*Literary Digest.*

THE POLISHER'S WHEEL

Sometimes the things against which we rebel most in life and look upon as obstacles and hindrances are the very things needed to develop our highest usefulness and efficiency.

We doubt not that if the diamond could express itself, it would rebel against the grueling, burning contact of the polisher's wheel that grinds and polishes its several facets. Without the contact of the polisher's stone, the diamond has little commercial value. The swiftly revolving wheel cuts into its surface, and produces from a common appearing pebble a gem of beauty and lustre that is much admired and much sought after. There is no other way to produce a diamond except by grinding and polishing.

In the same degree it is necessary to subject the human life to difficulties, adversity and discipline in order to bring out those qualities that will make it a life of value to its possessor, and of service to those about it. Many men and women who have achieved much in the world can look back to incidents in their lives which at the time were viewed as misfortunes but that later proved to be responsible for much development and enrichment of their lives.

—S. T. Osterhold, in
Sunshine Magazine.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN



IT IS SPRING

The cloud-sheep scuddle across the sky,
 Chasing each other merrily;
 I watch them as they hurry by
 And count them, one, two, three:
 For it is spring, and the sun is kind
 And the sky is deep and blue.
 The birds are singing, the bees are singing,
 And I am singing, too.

The grass is thick and soft and new,
 And nice to lie upon.
 The north wind who so loudly blew,
 And the cold white snow are gone:
 For it is spring, and the flowers bloom
 White, and red, and blue.
 The birds are singing, the bees are singing,
 And I am singing, too.

—Herwart Ernst Vocke

(By courtesy of *The Beacon*).

WHY SPRING COMES AGAIN

Ceres, the goddess of agriculture, had one fair daughter, Persephone. This lovely blue-eyed maiden was very much devoted to her mother, and when Ceres was busy with her many tasks, relieved her of the care for the vegetation.

One bright morning Persephone was spending the day with her nymphs in the woodland. They were twining wreaths of flowers and singing joyously together. Suddenly they heard a rustle in the bushes and were frightened to see the dark, ugly face of Pluto, ruler of the Dark Realms, peering at them.

Seeing the beautiful Persephone, Pluto

wished to take her away to share his dark and dismal throne. So he pushed back the bushes and catching her up in his sinewy arms, he placed her in his chariot. Striking the ground with his mighty spear, a great yawning chasm opened into the earth. Down through this dark passageway Pluto drove his black steeds and soon arrived at his throne in the Infernal Regions.

Now as this unhappy maiden was being carried down the dark chasm, she had turned and tossed her gauzy mantle to the Breezes and told them to carry it to her mother. After many days the dainty mantle was blown at Ceres' feet, and she was told of her daughter's fate. Broken-hearted, she withdrew into a lonely cavern and grieved there unseen. All vegetation on the earth withered away and a dreadful famine was upon the earth.

At last the gods decided that Persephone might return to earth if she had eaten no food during her stay in the Dark World. Truly she had partaken of nothing but six pomegranate seeds and the gods ruled that as she had eaten six seeds she must spend that number of months in the Dark Regions with Pluto.

And to this day, when Persephone comes back to earth it is Springtime, for the flowers bloom and the trees bud forth. All the earth dresses itself in new foliage and the birds trill in their gladness of her approach. But when she must leave again, the skies weep and all nature grieves at her departure.—By courtesy of the *Sunshine Magazine*.

It always takes two to be glad.

OBEDIENT

THE MAN AND THE MONK

Abraham Lincoln knew a good picture when he saw it. On one occasion he was shown a picture done by an amateur, and was asked to give his opinion of it.

"I can truthfully say," replied Lincoln, "that the painter of this picture is a very good painter in that he observes the Commandments."

"What do you mean by that?" asked someone.

"I mean that he hath not made to himself the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth," replied Lincoln.
—*Clipped.*

There are days of loneliness, even of despair, in nearly every life, but, like bleak winter, they pass, and lead us to the joy and gladness of springtime.—*Sunshine Magazine.*

Little minds are wounded by little things.

A peasant with a troubled conscience went to a monk for advice. He said he had circulated a vile story about a friend, only to find out that the story was not true.

"If you make peace with your conscience," said the monk, "you must fill a bag with goose down, go to every dooryard in the village and drop in each one of them one fluffy down."

The peasant did as he was told. Then he came back to the monk and said he had done penance for his folly.

"Not yet," replied the monk. "Take the bag, go the rounds again, and gather up every down that you have dropped."

"But the wind must have blown them all away," exclaimed the peasant.

"Yes, my son," said the monk; "and so it is with your vile words. Words and down are quickly dropped, but try hard as you will, you can never get them back again."

—*Knickerbocker Press, Albany, N. Y.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.

Miss Edith L. Jones, Treasurer, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters containing subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange. Money from the Sunshine Bags is payable to the Treasurer.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Circulating Libraries have been established in isolated communities of twenty-seven States, where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available; also in many schools and colleges in rural and mountain districts. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.